

An excellent Epi-
taffe of Syr Thomas Wat. With two
 other compendious dyttries, wherein are
 touchyd, and set furch the state
 of mannes lyfe.



Wat resteth here, that quicke coulde
 neuer rest.

Whose heuently gyftes, encreased by
 Dordayne

And vertue sanke, the Deper in his
 best

Suche profyte he, of enuy could optayne

A Head, where wisdom mysteries dyd frame
 Whose hammers beat styll in that lyuely byayne
 As on a stoth, where some worke of fame
 Was dayly wrought, to turn to Byrtayns game

A Wyse sterne and mylde, where both dyd groo
 Wyse to contempne, in vertues to reioyce

A. I.

Anyd

Amyd great stormes, whome grace assured soo
To lyue bryghte and synle at fortunes choyse.

A Hand that taught what might be saide in tyme
That restre Chaucer, the gloze of his wytte
A marke, the whi. he vnperfited for tyme)
Some may appoche but neuer none shall hyt:

A Tonge, that serued in foraine realmes his king
Whose curtoise talke, to vertu dyd enflame.
Eche noble harte a worthy guyde to bynge
Our Englyshe youth, by trauayle vnto fame.

An Eye, whose iudgement, no affect coulde blind
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcyle
Whose pearcyng looke, dyd represent a mynde.
With vertue fraught, reposed, boyde of gyle.

A Harte, where dvede yet neuer so synnest
To hide the thought y might the trouth auance
In nether fortune lyfte nor so represt
To swell in welth, nor yelde vnto mischaunce

A valiaunt Corps, where force and beautye met
Happy, alas, to happy but for loos.
Lyued, and ran: he race that nature set
Of manhodes shape, where she the mold did loos

But to the heauens that synple soule is fled.
Which leste with such, as couet Chryste to knowe
Witnes of faith that neuer shalbe deade
Sent for our welth, but not receiued so
Thus for our gylt, this iewell haue we lost
The earth his bones, the heuen possesse his goost

AMEN.

The myrroure of

Glasſe of Fortune.

When fortune fauoureth, and ſetteth a loſt
In hye eſtate man ſoz to raigne
Then all men cometh to him full ofte
And couey. ſ with him, ſoz to remaine
His company none will diſdaine,
Thus frendes he getteth, many a one
But if he fall, I ſaye certaine.

Of all his frendes then hath he none.

When he doth rule him they obeye
And ſerue him ſpyll, at all aſſayes
Attentifely, without delaye.
Great paines they take, both nightes and dayes
With all their power him ſoz to pleaſe.
Thus frendes he getteth many a one
But if he fall they turne theyꝝ wayes.

Of all his frendes then hath he none.

As longe as he, is in his welth
Nothynge to him than ſhall be deare.
In his eſtate, haue he his helth
All honour to him, than ſhall appeare
Of moſt and leſt, both farre and nere
Thus frendes he getteth many one
But if he fall, than euerre where,

Of al his frendes, than hath he none.

When thus a loſt, knoweth not his frende.
Foz all men than, to him applye
Shewynge them ſelues, to him moſte kynde.

As though they wolde both lyue and dye
At his byddynge alway readye,
Thus frendes he getteth many a one
But if he fall they hym denye
Of all his frendes, than hath he none.

In his estate they wyll ensewe
To folowe him all that they may
In right or wronge, false or trewe
Hys wyll truely, none will gaynesaye
Though by and by they hym bewraye
Suche fayned frendes, be many one
And if he fall they him denaye
Of all his frendes, than hath he none.

Whan fortune on the dothe laugh or smile
Geuyng the greate posseltyon
Belowy and gentle all the while
Thinking on her progression
Some she exalteth, some by suppression
Falleth vnder fote, as doth manye one
So turneth the whele, without intercession
Some to good chaunce, and some to none,

Whan thou art downe, farewell a deto
No more seruyce, thou hast at all
Whan broken is thy retinew
On thy name than no man wyll call
Disdaynfull wordes, on the go shalt
Foes thou shalt haue, many a one
Which wyll reioyce, at thy great fall
Of all thy frendes, than hast thou none.

Thus vnder fote whan thou arte brought
whom

Whom thou doost fauour moost of all
By the truly wyll set right nought
Scant a good worde gyue the he shall
Unmyndfull how beneficiall
Thou wast than to many a one
And whan thy dignitie doth fall
Of all thy frendes, than hast thou none:

¶ Thus fareth the worlde, both to and fro
Whan man is in aduersitie
Who is he than, that wyll him knowe
O helpe him in extremitie
Whan he is stricke, without pittie
With the foule darte, of cruell disdayne
None than on him shall haue mercy
Lye he in wo, pynnyge in payne.
finis.

A compendious Dittie

Wherin is touched the state of mā's lyfe,

NO wyght in this worlde, that welth can attayne
Nonelesse he beleue, that all is but vayne
And loke how it cometh, so leaue it to go
As tydes vse their tymes, to ebbe and to flo,
This mucke on the molde, that men so desyre
Doth worke them much wo, and moueth the to pyre
With grefe it is gotte, with care it is kepte
With sorowe sone lost, that longe hath ben' repte
And wo worth that man, that first dolue the moulde
To fynde out the myne, of syluer and golde
For whan it lay hyd, and to vs vnknownen
Of stryfe and debate, the sede was not sownen
Chan

Than lyued man wel and helde them content
 With meate, Drynke and cloth without any rente
 They houses but pooze to shroude them selues in
 For castels and towres, were than to begine
 No towne had his wall, they feared no warre
 Nor ennemies hoste to seke them as farre
 So ledde they their lyues in quiete and reste
 Tyll houre began hate from East vnto west
 And golde for to growe a lord of great pryce
 Which chaunged the worlde from vertue to vyce
 And turned all thinge so farre from his kynde
 That howe it shulde be, is worne out of mynde
 For rychesse beareth nowe the fame and the brute
 And onelye the cause of all our pursute.
 Which maketh among vs muche mischief to reigne
 And shall tyll we seke the right waye agayne
 whan mariage was made for vertue and loue,
 Than was no diuorse goddes knette to remoue,
 whan iudges wolde suffer no bybes in theyr syghte,
 Their iudgementes was than accordyng to right
 whan prelat. s had not possessions nor rent
 They preached the truthe and truelye they wente
 whan men dyd not flatter for fauoure nor mede,
 Than kinges herd the truth, & how the world yede
 And men vnto honour throughe vertue did rise
 But all this is turned contrarywise
 For money maketh all, and ruleth as a god
 Which ought not to be, for Christ it forbod
 And bad that we shulde take nothyng in hand
 But for the lordes loue, and welch of the lande
 And willes vs full ofte, that we shulde refraine
 From wastynge his wil, to make our owne gaine,
 For couetous folke of euery astate.
 As hardely shall enter within heauen gate

As throughe a nedles eye a camell to crepe
 Why do these madde me the houre by and kepe,
 Ye more then mate serue them selues to suffice
 As though perfecte blysse shulde that waye arise
 But if they wolde suffer to synke in their best
 What trouble of mynde what vnquiete reste
 What myschiefe, what hate this mony dothe brynge,
 They woulde not so toyle for so byle a thinge
 For they that haue much, are euer in care
 Whiche wate to wyne, and how for to spare
 They? slepes be vnsounde for feare of the theefe
 The losse of a littell doth worke them much grefe
 In sekynge they? lacke they want that they haue
 And subiecte to that which shuld be their slaue
 They neuer doo knowe, whyles ryches doth reygne
 Attende of effecte from him that doth seygne
 For flatterers seeke where fortune doth dwell
 And whan that she lowzeth, they byd the farewell
 The pooze doth them curse as ofte as they want
 In hauyng so much to make it so scant
 They? children somtymes do wyshe them in graue
 That they myght possesse that rychesse they haue
 And that which they wyne with trauayle and stryfe
 Ofte tymes (as we se) doth cost them they? lyfe
 Lo these be the frutes that rychesse bryngeth forth
 With many other mo, whiche be no more worth
 For monie is cause of murder and thefte
 Of bataile & bloudshed, which wold god werisleft
 Of rauyne, of wronge, of false witnesse bearyng
 Of treason conspired, and eke of forswearynge.
 And for to be shorte and knyght by the knot
 Fewe mischeues at all that money makethe not.
 But though it be all, whan it is abused,
 Yet neuertheles it may be well vied.

For I do not fynde, that men be denyde
Of sufficient thynges them selues to prouyde,
Accordynge as god hath put them in place,
To haue and to holde a tyme and space:
So it be well wonne and after well spent:
For it is not theirs, but for that intent,
And if they so do, than it is good skyll,
They haue that is mete to vse at their will
As priests shuld not take promotions in hande
To lyue at their ease lyke lordes of the lande
But onely to seade gods flocke with the truth
To preache and to teache without any flouth
For folkes shulde not neade great ryches to wyne
But godly to lyue and for to see lynne
Hys wyll for to worke that is theyr soules helth
And thā may they thynke, they lyue in much welth
For in this vayne worlde that we be now in
Is nothyng but misery, myschefe and synne
Temptation, vntrouthe, contencion, and strife
Than lette vs nat sette by so vyle a lyfe
But lyfte by our eyes, and loke throughe our saythe
Beholdynge his mercies, that many tymes saith
The iuste men shall lyue by theyr good belefe
And shall haue a place where can be no grefe
But gladnesse and myght that none can amende
Unspeakable toyes, whiche neuer shall ende
With pleasures that passe all that we haue sought
Felicities such as can not be thought
Whiche place they shall haue, that his wyll intendes
With lyfe euerlaupnge, and thus my tale endes.
Vniit post lunera uirtus.

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for de for Roberte Coyer.

